

RAILROADS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 15th, 1902 trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes 'TRAINS LEAVE KENT JUNCTION' and 'TRAINS LEAVE HARCOURT'.

Stage from Richibucto connects with trains at Harcourt. All trains run on Atlantic Standard time East of Campbellton.

KENT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Table with 3 columns: Time, Location, and Arr. Includes times for Richibucto, Rexton, Mill Creek, Gramble Road, Molus River, McMinn's Mills, and Arr. Kent Junction.

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. Connect with I. C. R. Day Express trains north and south.

MONCTON AND BUCTOUCHE RAILWAY.

On and after Monday, OCT. 21st, 1901, trains on this railway will run as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Time, Location, and Arr. Includes times for Moncton and Buctouche.

Train from Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. train for Halifax, and at Moncton with the C. P. R. train for St. John, Montreal and United States.

Train from Buctouche connects at Humphrey's with I. C. R. day express from Halifax, and at Moncton with all I. C. R. trains from east and north arriving not later than 15.15.

- BILLS OF SALE (with affidavit), LEASES, COUNTY COURT SUBPENAES, COUNTY COURT WRITS, COUNTY COURT EXECUTIONS, SUPREME COURT SUBPENAES, BILLS OF LADING, MAGISTRATE'S FORMS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, and other forms, for sale at THE REVIEW Office

Burning, Itching, Stinging Piles

If people could only realize the virtue of Dr. Chase's Ointment they would not suffer long with piles. Mr. W. H. Whitehair, a well-known and respected citizen of Cobourg, Ont., states:—'Having used Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles, I can testify to its great value.'

Dr. Chase's Ointment

How Savages Came to Use Knives. The first men, armed with the simplest weapons or with none at all, pursued in the chase the animals that served them as food and, being generally in a state of starvation, tore them to pieces with their fingers and devoured on the spot the flesh, raw and bloody.

The knife was invented as an instrument of attack or defense or for rough cutting and carving and, being commonly worn on the person, was found convenient in eating and became in time an accessory of the table for reasons so obvious that they require no explanation.

All Souls' College, Oxford. Perhaps the most expensive education in the world is enjoyed by the undergraduates of All Souls' college, Oxford. There are usually but four of them in residence, all of them on the foundation, with just enough to keep them comfortably in their rooms aloft over the college kitchens.

To Be Provided For. Farmer Mossbacher—Colonel Chinnaway, the politician, declares that he is in the hands of his friends. Farmer Hornbeak—Yes, I know he does, but it sorter looks to me that his friends have got the colonel on their hands.

The Geological Day. The 6,000 years of human history form but a portion of the geological day which is passing over us. They do not extend into the yesterday of our globe, far less touch the myriads of ages spread out beyond.

The lazy man seldom has a chance to rest on his laurels.—Philadelphia Record.

Carry enough sunlight in your life to last through the dark days.—Schoolmaster.

The Tyranny of Trivial Things. The great emotional experiences of life are belittled by the same insistence upon the trivial. Life and love look into each other's eyes, a man and woman elect each other from all the world, but the joyful solemnity of marriage is ruffled by the details of the wedding, perhaps by family squabbles over flowers and gowns and invitations.

Lumbago is Rheumatism of the back. The cause is Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys did their work there would be no Uric Acid and no Lumbago. Make the kidneys do their work. The sure, positive and only cure for Lumbago is Dodd's Kidney Pills

...TWO NEGATIVES By Henry S. Winthrop Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

Everybody said, when old General Ainsworth died and it was found that injudicious stock speculation had practically wiped out his entire fortune, that Evan Ainsworth should establish himself as a florist. Several of their set, they argued, who had suddenly found themselves compelled to earn their own living had followed this course, and "the set" resented innovations. Moreover, the Ainsworth conservatories had been famous.

Precisely because everybody had suggested a florist's shop Evan Ainsworth decided against it. It was all very well at first, he argued, when your shop is a novelty and people bought flowers in the name of sweet charity, but he knew little about flowers, not enough to make the business an independent success.

For this Evan was thankful, for the dark days following his father's death had been made more gloomy by the repeated visits of self-constituted advisers, who failed to appreciate the fact that there are some men who would rather earn less money independently than be dependent upon borrowed capital for the success of a hazardous venture.

Armstrong Hope, her father, had been one of the first to suggest the florist shop, and when Evan had explained his view of the matter and had declined the proffered aid Mr. Hope had stormed through the house, declaring that Evan was a headstrong youngster and that the rising generation was going to the dogs.



THEY SEE WEST FORWARD, BOTH HANDS OUTSTRETCHED.

about to sail, "and remember that your European vacation is going to be cut short the moment I hear that she has entered into communication with young Ainsworth."

A letter which Evan had sent to her had been returned unopened, with a curt note from Armstrong Hope intimating that he desired all further communication between Ainsworth and the Hope family to cease absolutely and assuring Evan that he had taken steps to see that this desire would be carried out.

Evan, instead of assuming a mournful air, went industriously to work and within two years so advanced himself in his profession that he was engaged as chief operator in the most fashionable establishment in town. Two years of hard study, supplemented by none too luxurious living the first year, had wrought marvelous changes in his appearance, and none who commented on the excellence of his photographs realized that the artist was a man who at one time had been welcomed to their homes.

As chief operator he was supposed to exercise general supervision over the work, and one afternoon, going into the dark room, he found a young developer bending over some plates. "Mr. Ainsworth," he called, "I wish you would look at this negative. Mr. Jackson took it while you were at lunch, and it doesn't seem to be quite right. He only took two, and the first one was lost entirely through fog."

Ainsworth carelessly lifted the plate and held it up to the ruby light. Then he gave a start, for there was Evelyn's face, a trifle wistful, but still the face of the woman he loved dearer than his life. Pulling himself together, he handed it back to the operator with a careless remark, but let the glass slip from his hand before the other could grasp it. "My fault," he said in answer to the operator's profuse apology. "The wet film slipped out of my hands. Send down stairs

and tell Miss Henderson to write this letter to come again."

Two days later Evelyn Hope again ascended to the operating room and noted with satisfaction that the operator was not the one she had seen on her first visit. As he turned to receive her she gave a cry of surprise. "Evan!" she gasped. "Is it really you?" Then impulsively she went forward, both hands outstretched.

"I've a confession to make," he said as he looked into the tender eyes, shyly upturned to his. "I smashed your last picture on purpose so that you would have to come down and pose again to me."

She gave a happy laugh. "Then you still care?" she asked earnestly. "Care!" he repeated. "I'd have smashed the skylight if it had been necessary. Can't you realize that I've been hungry for a sight of your face for the last two years?"

"Well," she returned, with a tiny pout, "you might at least have written."

"But I did," he assured her. "I wrote, and your father sent back the letter, warning me that any letter sent to Europe would not reach you. In spite of that I wrote half a dozen times, but received no word in reply."

"What did you say?" she inquired half curiously, half bashfully.

"I can't tell you here," he answered. "You're here to give me a negative."

She smiled reproachfully. "Take two plates," she suggested, and as he looked a little dazed she placed her hands on his shoulders. "You stupid boy," she finished, "don't you realize that two negatives make an affirmative?"

"And you will marry me?" he asked incredulously.

"I refused two dukes and a count. This with seeming irrelevance."

"To marry a photographer's assistant?"

"She stood on tiptoe till their lips met. "To marry the man I love," she corrected.

Mammy Mary's Message. In the course of her career, says a writer in Current Literature, Mammy Mary had met many distinguished persons, but her own importance as nurse for three generations in the family of General John B. Gordon of Georgia kept her from being overwhelmed by the honor.

When Mrs. Cleveland, during the second term of her husband's presidency, visited the Gordons at the governor's mansion in Atlanta, she expressed a desire to see a genuine old negro mammy. So the carriage was hitched up, and Mammy Mary was sent for at Sutherland, the Gordon country place, which she preferred to the noise and excitement of official life.

When the coachman drew up, he found her smoking her evening pipe. Not a step would she stir. "She done say," said the unsuccessful envoy on his return to town, "dat she don't want to see no presidents; she done see 'nough presidents."

Mrs. Cleveland laughed heartily when she heard this. Then she proposed to go to the mountain, since Mohammed refused to budge, and the next day she drove out to Sutherland. "I am surprised, Mammy Mary," said Mrs. Gordon before introducing the distinguished guest, "that you sent such a message. You have never been impolite before."

"An' dat bigger done tell what I say? Well, he never did have no sense an' no mannaah! Co'se I 'spected he'd say 'I'se sorry 'I'se ind'sposed'."

Overreached Himself. There is no man more pleasantly situated than the country editor, so called, who has a well equipped printing office in a good town, with a fair share of the county printing, a good circulation and plenty of jobwork and advertising. It may be that he takes a turn occasionally at working the press, making up the forms or even setting his own editorials in type, but he takes an honest pride in being able to do these things. He is willing to give every man his due, but insists on his own rights and dares to maintain them.

Such an editor was Colonel Blix of Boomtown. A customer whom he knew as a close friend came in one day to get a hundred sale bills he had ordered the day before. The editor handed him the bills neatly tied in a package. The customer untied the string, laid the bills on the "imposing stone" and proceeded to count them.

Editor Blix watched the count. When it was concluded, there proved to be six over and above the hundred. Without a word Blix took the six extra bills off the pile, crumpled them in his hand, threw them into the office stove and smilingly bowed his crestfallen patron out.—Youth's Companion.

One of Field's Yarns. Here is a paragraph which Eugene Field, who enjoyed making fun of his friends, once printed in his famous column of "Sharps and Flats."

"Dr. William F. Poole, the veteran bibliophile, is now in San Francisco attending the meeting of the National Librarians' association. While the train bearing the excursionists was en route through Arizona a stop of twenty minutes was made one evening for supper at a rude eating house, and here Dr. Poole had an exciting experience with a tarantula. The venomous reptile attacked the kindly old gentleman with singular voracity, and but for the high topped boots which Mr. Poole wore serious injuries would have been inflicted upon our friend's person. Mr. Fred Hill, our public librarian, hearing Dr. Poole's cries for help, ran to the rescue and with his cane and umbrella succeeded in keeping the tarantula at bay until the keeper of the restaurant fetched his gun and dispatched the malignant monster. The tarantula weighed six pounds. Dr. Poole took the skin to San Francisco and will have it tanned so he can utilize it for the binding of one of his favorite books."

A Tough Steak.

"On the other side of the Rio Grande," said a traveler, "meat is cheap, but the best cuts of Mexican beef are tougher than rhinoceros hide. When I first went to Mexico, I ordered a tenderloin at a hotel in Durango, but I couldn't cut it to save my neck. I told the waiter it wouldn't do, and he removed it.

"Presently, however, he returned, accompanied by the proprietor of the hotel, and laid the platter on the table. 'What's the matter with the steak?' asked the hotel man in Spanish. 'Tough,' said I. 'Why, I can hardly stick a fork into it—much less a knife.'

"Mine host flapped it over with the flat of the knife and eyed it dubiously. 'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but it's the best in the house. At any rate, I can't take it back. It's bent.'

Her Very Clear Thoughts.

"Well, aunty, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, then, when I was young, like yourself, I thocht, 'Wha'll I tak?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thocht, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken w' that whumel oot o' Saunders McDrumthie's cart my thocht syne have bin, 'Wha'll tak me?'"

Pat's Test.

A good story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just fiddle him with the point—see if he was shamming."

His Identity.

Phillip was saying his prayers before going to bed and ended his supplication with, "Amen, Phillip Evans!" "Why, Phillip, why did you say that?" asked his mother.

"Well," he replied, "I didn't want God to mix me up with Brother Ed. He does act so dreadfully."

A Word To The Great Army of Summer Toilers.

If You Are Not as Robust, Vigorous and Happy as Others in August, a Bottle or Two of

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Will Give You Health, Full Energy and Happiness.

Many men toiling in offices, stores and work-hops during this hot summer weather, and women weighted with the work and cares of home, are critically near the breaking down point. The symptoms of coming sickness and disease are manifested in sleeplessness, nervousness, tired feelings, languidness, irritability, failing appetite and poor blood circulation.

Paine's Celery Compound is a precious boon to the ailing, sick and rundown in this August weather. A bottle or two used at once will quickly bestow the needed strength to battle against the weakening and enervating effects of the oppressive heat, and will enable men and women to go through the necessary routine of daily toil with heart, soul and energy. Paine's Celery Compound is specially distinguished for its ability to build up run-down systems in hot weather. Mrs. M. S. Soper, of Mimico, Ont., says:

"I have much pleasure in giving my testimony in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. I was entirely broken down by hard work, anxiety and sleeplessness, and had pains all through my body. Doctors' remedies had no effect, and nothing met my case until I used Paine's Celery Compound. This medicine has done wonders for me, and I would strongly urge all sufferers to use it, as it is the best in the world."

"He says his love for the heiress is intoxication" "And he is trying to take the gold-cure."

DO YOU GET YOUR Job Printing . . . DONE AT THE Review Office?

All kinds of JOB WORK done at this office with Neatness and Despatch. Send us your Order and be convinced of the GOOD SATISFACTION GIVEN

ADDRESS: THE REVIEW Richibucto, N. B

HOW IS YOUR MOWER?

It doesn't pay to use an old worn out one. It doesn't pay to buy an inferior new one. It pays to buy the best. The best is the McCormick Vertical Lift. With it you can raise your cutterbar perpendicular in a moment without getting off your seat and in doing so you throw your mower out of gear automatically. No other mower possesses this feature, no other mower has so strong, simple and serviceable a foot-lift. No other mower has a draft-rod pulling so directly from the inside shoe. No other mower has so strong a frame. No other mower has such perfect gears. No other mower is so easily handled by man and team. No other mower runs in the same class. McCormick Harvesting Machines have been manufactured for seventy one years, and to day more than two millions of them are in use in every corner of the world. I have McCormick Mower Rakes, Reapers and Binders and the price is right. Examine them closely and compare with others. Call and see my stock of repairs

GEO. N. CLARK